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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN PHILIPS.

CONTAINING HIS

SPLENDID SHILLING,
BLENHEIM,
CIDER,
LATIN ODE TO ST. JOHN,
TRANSLATION OF DIRAE
CEREALIA,

&c. &c. &c.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

——————Sing, heav'nly Muſe!
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man who void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling! He nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town-Hall * repairs,
Where mindful of the nymph whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul and kindled amorous flames,
Sloe or Phillis, he, each circling glaſs,
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love;
Mean-while he ſmokes and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint:
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff,
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corpſe ſuſtain,
Then ſolitary walk, or doſe at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney or well poliſh'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent!

* Two noted ale-houſes in Oxford. 1700.

Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwalader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe
High overſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the antient town
Yclep'd Brechinia; or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines that well may vie
With Maſſick, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and ſilent pace a Dun,
Horrible Monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel aſcends.
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate
With hideous accents thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhould I do, or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of wood-hole. Straight my briſtling hairs erect
Thro' ſudden fear, a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech,
So horrible he ſeems! His faded brow,
Intrenched with many a frown, and conick beard,
And ſpreading band, admired by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forebode. In his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortale yes (ye Gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind him ſtalks

Another monſter not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magick charms
Firſt have endu'd: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtraight his body, to the touch
Obſequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance ſtrict detain him till in form
Of Money, Pallas ſets the captive free.
Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft' with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft'
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So, poets ſing,
Grimalkin, to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er ſome chinky gap
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin; ſo her diſembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen ſpreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue:
The waſp inſidious and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares
Fateleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides
The tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils,

Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my days: but when nocturnal ſhades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleaſant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me lonely ſitting nor the glimm'ring light
Of make-weight candle nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights: diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrours of the tedious night
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind: or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſp'rate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe;
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy is ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain: awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.
Thus do I live from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, Johnapple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain.
My galligaſkins, that have long withſtood
The winter's fury and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd (what will not time ſubdue!)

n horrid chaſm diſclos'd, with orifice
Vide, diſcontinuous, at which the winds
urus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
f Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
umultuous enter, with dire chilling blaſts
ortending agues. Thus a well fraught ſhip
ong ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
r the Ionian, till cruiſing near
he Lilybean ſhore with hideous cruſh
n Scylla or Charybdis, (dang'rous rocks!)
e ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd oak
fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand
dmits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
he crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage
ſiſtleſs, overwhelming: horrours ſeize
e mariners; death in their eyes appears:
ey ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray;
ain efforts!) ſtill the batt'ring waves ruſh in
placable, till delug'd by the foam
e ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

BLEN-

BLENHEIM.

FROM low and abject themes the grov'ling Muſe
Now mounts aerial, to ſing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero: may the verſe not ſink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear, O Harley*! (tho' thy country's weal
Depends on thee, tho' mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counſels) ſince with ev'ry art
Thyſelf adorn'd the mean eſſays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide wherever found
The willing genius to the Muſes' ſeat,
Therefore thee firſt and laſt the Muſe ſhall ſing.
Long had the Gallick monarch uncontroll'd
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Oppouent ſlightly thought, in heart elate,
As erſt Seſoſtris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harneſs'd to his chariot yok'd,
(Baſe ſervitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Laſh'd furious they in ſullen majeſty
Drew the uneaſy load) nor leſs he aim'd
At univerſal ſway; for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war,
Nor armies leagu'd, that diverſly eſſay'd
To curb his pow'r enormous; like an oak
That ſtands ſecure, tho' all the winds employ

* This poem was inſcribed to the Right Hon. Robert Harley, Eſq. 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable Houſe of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Their ceaſeleſs roar, and only ſheds its leaves,
Or maſt, which the revolving ſpring reſtores;
So ſtood he, and alone, alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing the events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart thee choſe,
Thee Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their priſtine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccuſtom'd air
And other climes, where diff'rent food and ſoil
Portend diſtempers. Over dank and dry
They journey toilſome, unfatigu'd with length
Of march, unſtruck with horrour at the ſight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-ſtretching hills
All white with ſummer's ſnows! They go beyond
The trace of Engliſh ſteps, where ſcarce the ſound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; ſuch ſtrength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement. Godolphin, wiſe and juſt,
Equal in merit, honour, and ſucceſs,
To Burleigh, (fortunate alike to ſerve
The beſt of queens) he, of the royal ſtore
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole nights devoid
Of ſweet repoſe, induſtrious to procure
The ſoldier's eaſe; to regions far remote
His care extends, and to the Britiſh hoſt
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wiſh'd approach
The Germans hopeleſs of ſucceſs, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New animated rouſe. Not more rejoice
The miſerable race of men that live

Benighted half the year, benumb'd with frosts,
Perpetual and rough Boreas's keeneſt breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement ſky!
When firſt the ſun with new-born light removes
The long incumbent gloom. Gladly to thee
Heroick laurell'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution to be rank'd
In military honour next, altho'
His deadly hand ſhook the Turcheſtan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided lands
Victorious. On thy pow'rful ſword alone
Germania and the Belgick coaſt relies,
Won from th' encroaching ſea: that ſword great Anne
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant ſide
When thee ſhe enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illuſtrating the noble liſt: her hand
Aſſures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like deſire of high exploits.
Immediate ſieges and the tier of war
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumy creſt
Nods horrible; with more terrifick port
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the fight.
What ſpoils, what conqueſts, then did Albion hope
From thy atchievements! Yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy. They in multitude
Superiour fed their thoughts with proſpect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
From ranſom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate beſpoke: "O friend! obſerve
"How gay, with all th' accoutrements of war,
"The Britons come; with gold well-fraught they come
"Thus far our prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
"Their recreant force; how will their bodies, ſtripp'd,

" Enrich the victors, while the vultures fate
" Their maws with full repaſt!"—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd:
" What if this ſword, full often drench'd in blood
" Of baſe antagoniſts, with griding edge
" Should now cleave ſheer the execrable head
" Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
" Soon as his army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
" Should ſtay him flying, with retentive gripe
" Confounded and appall'd! No trivial price
" Should ſet him free, nor ſmall ſhould be my praiſe
" To lead him ſhackled and expos'd to ſcorn
" Of gath'ring crowds, the Britons' boaſted chief."
Thus they in ſportive mood their empty taunts
And menaces expreſs'd; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious ſpeech
Refrain. " Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? why
" Decline the war? Shall a moraſs forbid
" Your eaſy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way
" Safe of acceſs." Imprudent thus t' invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boaſt
He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
He ſoon reviſits Brittany, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretch'd retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry. O hapleſs fate,
If any arm but Churchill's had prevail'd!
No need ſuch boaſts, or exprobrations falſe
Of cowardice. The military mound
The Britiſh files tranſcend in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either ſide the trumpets blew,
Signal of onſet, reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious love of war.

The adverſe fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might, for on th' event
Deciſive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms. With leſs vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæſar and Pompey, on Pharſalian plains,
Where ſtern Bellona with one final ſtroke
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion! brandiſhing his Norick blade,
Beſt temper'd ſteel, ſucceſsleſs proved in field.
Next Tallard with his Celtick infantry
Preſumptuous comes. Here Churchill, not ſo prompt
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
With Eugene's German force. Now from each van
The brazen inſtruments of death diſcharge
Horrible flames, and turbid ſtreaming clouds
Of ſmoke ſulphureous; intermix'd with theſe
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiſs
Singing the air, and from long diſtance bring
Surpriſing ſlaughter; on each ſide they fly
By chains connex'd, and with deſtructive ſweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy ſcalps
Are whirl'd aloft, while num'rous trunks beſtrew
Th' enſanguin'd field. With latent miſchief ſtor'd
Show'rs of granadoes rain, by ſudden burſt
Diſploding murd'rous bowels, fragments of ſteel,
And ſtones, and glaſs, and nitrous grain aduſt:
A thouſand ways at once the ſhiver'd orbs
Fly diverſe, working torment and foul rout
With deadly bruiſe and gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient the high-prancing ſteeds
Diſdain the curb, and ſpringing to and fro

Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.
Thus thro' each army death in various shapes
Prevail'd: here mangled limbs, here brains and gore,
Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid
Unpity'd and unheard; the louder din
Of guns and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
Long hung the fight: few marks of fear were seen,
None of retreat. As when two adverse winds
Sublim'd from dewy vapours in mid-sky
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmost rage,
Long undecided lasts the airy strife,
So they incens'd, till Churchill viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaught'ring arm: with speed
Precipitant he rode urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes and fall'n steeds
Rolling in death: Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd
Descrying from afar some engineer,
Dext'rous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd
By one nice shot to terminate the war:
With aim direct the level'd bullet flew,
But miss'd her scope, (for Destiny withstood
Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her way
Beneath his courser: round his laurel'd head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O beware,
Great Warrior! nor too prodigal of life

Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal press'd,
Awaits: this day of all his honours gain'd
Despoils him if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift and fierce
As wintry storm he flies to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallick blood again
He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks; (so Ajax interpos'd
His sevenfold shield and screen'd Laertes' son,
For valour much and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the insulting Trojans urg'd him sore
With tilted spears) unmanly dread invades
The French astonied; straight their useless arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
The hideous noise. What can they do, or how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword, or where
Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind with wrath
Resistless the eager English champions press,
Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
His current swift the Danube, vast and deep,
Supreme of rivers! To the frightful brink
Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach'd,
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw
Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the rest discomfited,

And push'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood;
Bands num'rous as the Memphian soldiery
That swell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvelously stood,
Observant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thousands float the stream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore,
Confiding in their hands, that sed'lous strive
To cut th' outrageous fluent. In this distress,
Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens shew
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain; vain love, tho' laudable! absorb'd
By a fierce eddy they together sound:
The vast profundity: their horses paw
The swelling surge with fruitless toil: surcharg'd,
And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The ling'ring remnant with unusual tide,
Then roll'ing back in his capacious lap
Ingulphs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when some sweit'ring travellers retire
To leafy shades near the cool sunless verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian stream, her tail
Of vast extension from her watry den
A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth
Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls; th' unweeting prey
Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.
Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd: full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,
Pierc'd sinking: shrouded in a dusky cloud

The current flows, with livid miſſive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the ſwift-footed ſon
Of Peleus to his baleful banks purſu'd
The ſtraggling Trojans: nor leſs eager drove
Victorious Churchill his deſponding foes
Into the deep immenſe, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with guſhing gore diſtain'd.
Thus the experienc'd valour of one man
Mighty in conflict reſcu'd harraſs'd pow'rs
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Suſtain'd. With prudent ſtay he long deferr'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An hoſt diſparted; when in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their ſtrength, and worthy ſeem'd to be ſubdu'd,
He the proud boaſters ſent with ſtern aſſault
Down to the realms of Night. The Britiſh ſouls
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe
On Landen's plains this heav'nly gladſome air,
Exult to ſee the crowding ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink the oblivious lake.
Not ſo the new inhabitants, they roam
Erroneous and diſconſolate, themſelves
Accuſing and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they ſee
Thro' the dun miſt in blooming beauty freſh
Two lovely youths that amicably walk'd
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd perhaps revolv'd
Anna's late conqueſts; one to empire born,
Egregious Prince *, whoſe manly childhood ſhew'd

* Duke of Glouceſter.

His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unſpeakable; thou his aſſociate dear *
Once in this world, nor now by Fate diſjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding ſtar propitious ſhone
Shouldſt Churchill be! but Heav'n ſevere cut ſhort
Their ſpringing years, nor would this iſle ſhould boaſt
Gifts ſo important! Them the Gallick ſhades
Surveying read in either radiant look
Marks of exceſſive dignity and grace
Delighted, till in one their curious eye
Diſcerns their great ſubduer's awful mien
And correſponding features fair, to them
Confuſion: ſtraight the airy phantoms fleet
With headlong haſte, and dread a new purſuit:
The image pleas'd with joy paternal ſmiles.
Enough, O Muſe! the ſadly-pleaſing theme
Leave with theſe dark abodes, and re-aſcend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqu'ror, and ſav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark how the cannon, inoffenſive now,
Gives ſigns of gratulation! Struggling crowds
From ev'ry city flow; with ardent gaze
Fix'd they behold the Britiſh Guide, of fight
Inſatiate, whilſt his great redeeming hand
Each prince affects to touch reſpectful. See
How Pruſſia's King tranſported entertains
His mighty gueſt! to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate
Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to ſhew
The ſkill and rudiments auſtere of war.
See with what joy him Leopold declares

* Marquis of Blandford.

His great deliverer, and courts t' accept
Of titles, with superior modesty
Better refus'd. Mean-while the haughty king
Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair and fear
Now first he feels: his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head in life's extreme
Distract his soul; nor can great Boileau's harp,
Of various-sounding wire, best taught to calm
Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer;
Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.
But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
Torment the Bolan prince? From native soil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping consort, and depriv'd the sight
Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate
His plighted faith. Why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he must contend? Encount'ring fierce
The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Paynim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when
Of counsel rash new measures he pursues,
Unhappy prince! (no more a prince) he sees
Too late his errour, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him he once defy'd. O destitute
Of hope, unpity'd, thou shouldst ne'er have thought
Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
Lo, how the Norick plains thro' thy default

Rife hilly with large piles of flaughter'd knights,
Beft men! that warr'd ftill firmly for their prince
Tho' faithleſs, and unſhaken duty ſhew'd,
Worthy of better end. Where cities ſtood
Well fenc'd, now num'rous deſolation reigns
And emptineſs: diſmay'd, unſol, unhous'd,
The widow and the orphan ſtroll around
The deſart wide; with oft'-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls and poor remains
Of manſions once their own, (now loathſome haunts
Of birds obſcene) bewailing loſs the loſs
Of ſpouſe, or ſire, or ſon, ere manly prime
Slain in ſad conflict, and complain of Fate
As partial and too rig'rous: nor find
Where to retire themſelves, nor where appeaſe
Th' afflictive keen deſire of food, expos'd
To winds, and ſtorms, and jaws of ſavage beaſts.
Thrice happy Albion! from the world diſjoin'd
By heav'n propitious, bliſsful ſeat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours' miſeries to prize
Thy welfare. Crown'd with Nature's choiceſt gifts,
Remote thou hear'ſt the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilſt the diſmal ſymphony
Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian ſceptre undecided here
Engages mighty hoſts in waſteful ſtrife:
From diff'rent climes the flow'r of youth deſcends
Down to the Luſitanian vales, reſolv'd
With utmoſt hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallick or Auſtrian: havock dire enſues
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They muſt obey, in conſternation wait
Till rigid Conqueſt will pronounce their liege.

Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
On the mild Latian shore. What sighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curse
His cleaving falchion! Fertile soil in vain,
What do thy pastures or thy vines avail,
Best boon of Heav'n! or huge Taburnus cloth'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters with their harvest immature?
See with what outrage from the frosty North
The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battalious array, while Volga's stream
Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
Her borderers! On mutual slaughter bent
They rend their countries. How is Poland vex'd
With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for sway! Unhappy nation! left
This free of choice. The English undisturb'd
With such sad privilege, submiss obey
Whom Heav'n ordains supreme; with rev'rence due,
Not thraldom, in fit liberty secure.
From sceptr'd kings in long descent deriv'd,
Thou Anna raiest! prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of Europe's good. To thee of kingly rights
Sole arbitress, declining thrones and pow'rs
Sue for relief. Thou bidst thy Churchill go
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis unconfin'd: he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils
In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
To Rooke that he should let that monarch know
The empire of the ocean wide dispos'd
In thine: behold! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring main to assert

Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallick navies, impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, diffever'd, fcud,
And blefs the friendly interpofing night.
Hail, mighty Queen! referv'd by Fate to grace
The new-born age. What hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune fubmits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmoft bound
Hefperian, Calpe, by Alcides fix'd,
Mountain fublime! that caits a fhade of length
Immeafurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others with infatiate thirft of rule
Invade their neighbours' lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praife
Be ftill to ftudy right, and quell the force,
Of kings perfidious: let them learn from thee
That neither ftrength nor policy refin'd
Shall with fucceis be crown'd where juftice fails.
Thou with thy own content, not for thyfelf
Subdueft regions, generous to raife
The fuppliant knee and curb the rebel neck.
The German boafts thy conqueits, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But fatisfaction from thy conicious mind.
Auipicious Queen! fince in thy realms fecure
Of peace thou reign'ft, and victory attends
Thy diftant enfigns, with compaffion view
Europe embroil'd: ftill thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms' ire,
Reciprocally ruinous: fay who
Shall wield th' Hefperian, who the Polifh fword
By thy decree? The trembling lands fhall hear
Thy voice obedient, leit thy fcourge fhould bruife

Their ſtubborn necks, and Churchill in his wrath
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.
Thus ſhall the nations aw'd to peace extol
Thy pow'r and juſtice: jealouſies and fears,
And Hate infernal, baniſh'd ſhall retire
To Mauritania or the Bactrian coaſts,
Or Tartary, engend'ring diſcords fell
Amongſt the enemies of truth, while arts
Pacifick and inviolable love
Flouriſh in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning! in perpetual tenour run
Delectable, and ſhed your influence ſweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days
By her rettor'd, her juſt deſigns complete,
And mildly on her ſhining bleſs the world!
Thus from the noiſy crowd exempt, with eaſe
And plenty bleſt, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet ſolitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The ſilent Muſe, delicious rural ſeat
Of St. John, Engliſh Memmius, I preſum'd
To ſing Britannick trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt, while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge, no leiſure finds
To ſtring his charming ſhell; but when return'd
Conſummate Peace ſhall rear her cheerful head,
Then ſhall his Churchill in ſublimer verſe
For ever triumph; lateſt times ſhall learn
From ſuch a chief to fight, and bard to ſing.

CIDER.

IN TWO BOOKS.

"——Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?" VIRG.

BOOK I.

WHAT foil the Apple loves, what care is due
To Orchats, timeliest when to preſs the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona! in Miltonian verſe
Adventrous I preſume to ſing, of verſe
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious: but my native ſoil
Invites me, and the theme, as yet untrung.
Ye Ariconian Knights and faireſt Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n theſe bleſſings grants,
Attend my lays! nor hence diſdain to learn
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O Moſtyn! whoſe benevolence
And candour, oft' experienc'd, me vouchſaf'd
To knit in friendſhip growing ſtill with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love:
May it a laſting monument remain
Of dear reſpect, that when this body frail
Is moulder'd into duſt, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend.
Whoe'er expects his lab'ring trees ſhould bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harveſt yield,

Be this his first concern, to find a track
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the *Hyperborean* blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds; but to the west
Let him free entrance grant; let Zephirs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs:
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds, whose breath
Nurtures the orange and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide thro' the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds,
But when the black'ning clouds in sprinkling show'rs
Distill from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd
The Orchats smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heav'nly dew.
Next let the planter with discretion meet
The force and genius of each soil explore,
To what adapted, what it shuns averse;
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an Apple vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields
Rejoicing in rich mould most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce, pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so oft' we see
Men passing fair in outward lineaments,
Elaborate less inwardly exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune;
The must of pallid hue declares the soil

Devoid of ſpirit: wretched he that quaffs
Such wheyiſh liquors! Oft with colick pangs,
With pungent colick pangs, diſtreſt he'll roar,
And toſs, and turn, and curſe th' unwholeſome draught.
But, Farmer, look where full-ear'd ſheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth; that ſoil ſelect
For Apples; thence thy induſtry ſhall gain
Tenfold reward; thy garners thence with ſtore
Surcharg'd ſhall burſt; thy preſs with pureſt juice
Shall flow, which in revolving years may try
Thy feeble feet and bind thy falt'ring tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, ſuch Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome! and Capel ſuch,
Williſian Burlton, much lov'd Geers his Marſh,
And Sutton acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feaſt
Of Mercian Offa he invited came
To treat of ſpouſals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himſelf, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty, but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes.—Oh hardeſt fate, to fall
By ſhew of friendſhip and pretended love!
I nor adviſe nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcleyhill; the Apple no where finds
A kinder mould: yet it is unſafe to truſt
Deceitful ground: who knows but that once more
This mount may journey, and his preſent ſite
Forſaking to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter ſtrange
For law debates *? If therefore thou incline

* February the 7th, 1571, at ſix o'clock in the even-
ng, this hill rouſed itſelf with a roaring noiſe; and by
ven the next morning had moved forty paces: it kept
oving for three days together, carrying with it ſheep

To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring glebe.
But if (for nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld,
If a penurious clay should be thy lot
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit and restive marl.
Thus nought is useless made; nor is there land
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
Close grazer, finds wherewith to eate her want.
What should I 'more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd how the goats their shrubby browse
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see
How from a scraggy rock whose prominence

in their cots, hedge-rows and trees; and in its passage overthrew Kinnaston chapel, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's *Account of Herefordshire*, page 19; and Camden's *Britannia*.

Half overſhades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearleſs of rending winds and daſhing waves,
Cut ſamphire, to excite the ſqueamiſh guſt
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then let thy ground
Not lie unlabour'd; if the richeſt ſtem
Refuſe to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat that may to human uſe redound,
And penury the worſt of ills remove?
There are who fondly ſtudious of increaſe,
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fatt'ning muck
Beſmear the roots in vain. The nurſling grove
Seems fair a while, cheriſh'd with foſter earth,
But when the alien compoſt is exhauſt
Its native poverty again prevails.
Tho' this art fails, deſpond not; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' induſtrious, when the ſun in Leo rides
And darts his ſultrieſt beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of ev'ry plant
To ſink a circling trench, and daily pour
A juſt ſupply of alimental ſtreams,
Exhauſted ſap recruiting, elſe falſe hopes
He cheriſhes, nor will his fruit expect
The autumnal ſeaſon, but in ſummer's pride
When other Orchats ſmile abortive fail.
Thus the great light of heav'n, that in his courſe
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; ſweit'ring they run
To grots and caves, and the cool umbrage ſeek
Of woven arborets, and oft' the rills
Still ſtreaming freſh reviſit, to allay
Thirſt inextinguiſhable: but if the ſpring

Preceding ſhould be deſtitute of rain,
Or blaſt ſeptentrional with bruſhing wings
Sweep up the ſmoky miſts and vapours damp,
Then wo to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intenſe, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty which imprints the face
Of faireſt nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in diff'rent ſhapes
Depopulates the nations; thouſands fall
His victims; youths and virgins in their flow'r
Reluctant die, and ſighing leave their loves
Unfiniſh'd, by infectious heav'n deſtroy'd.
Such heats prevail'd when fair Eliza, laſt
Of Winchcomb's name, (next thee in blood and worth,
O faireſt St. John!) left this toilſome world
In beauty's prime, and ſadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues nor repeated vows
Of thouſand lovers the relentleſs hand
Of Death arreſt; ſhe with the vulgar fell,
Only diſtinguiſh'd by this humble verſe.
But if it pleaſe the ſun's intemp'rate force
To know, attend, whilſt I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind
How our forefathers, (luckleſs men!) ingulft
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian ſhades
Went quick, in one ſad ſepulchre enclos'd.
In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious this our other world ſubdu'd,
A ſpacious city ſtood, with firmeſt walls
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,
Aerial ſpires and citadels, the ſeat
Of kings and heroes reſolute in war,

m'd Ariconium! uncontroll'd and free
ill all-ſubduing Latian arms prevail'd.
hen alſo, tho' to foreign yoke ſubmiſs,
e undemoliſh'd ſtood, and ev'n till now
erhaps had ſtood, of ancient Britiſh art
pleaſing monument, not leſs admir'd
han what from Attick or Etruſcan hands
roſe, had not the heav'nly pow'rs averſe
ecreed her final doom: for now the fields
abour'd with thirſt, Aquarius had not ſhed
is wonted ſhow'rs, and Sirius parch'd with heat
ſtitial the green herb; hence 'gan relax
e ground's contexture; hence Tartarian dregs,
lphur and nitrous ſpume, enkindling fierce
llow'd within their darkſome caves, by far
ore diſmal than the loud diſploded roar
brazen enginery, that ceaſeleſs ſtorm
e baſtion of a well-built city deem'd
npregnable: th' infernal winds till now
oſely impriſon'd, by Titanian warmth
lating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
ſdain'd their narrow cells, and their full ſtrength
llecting from beneath the ſolid maſs
heav'd, and all her cattles, rooted deep,
ook from their loweſt ſeat: old Vaga's ſtream,
re'd by the ſudden ſhock, her wonted track
rſook, and drew her humid train aſlope,
ankling her banks: and now the low'ring ſky
d baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
angry gods, that rattled ſolemn, diſmay'd
e ſinking hearts of men. Where ſhould they turn
ſtreſt? whence ſeek for aid, when from below
ll threatens, and ev'n Fate ſupreme gives ſigns
wrath and deſolation? Vain were vows,

And plaints, and ſuppliant hands, to Heav'n erect:
Yet ſome to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their vot'ries in one ruin ſhar'd,
Cruſh'd and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantick mood
Ran howling thro' the ſtreets; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horrour ſtalks around
Wild-ſtaring, and his ſad concomitant
Deſpair, of abject look: at ev'ry gate
The thronging populace with haſty ſtrides
Preſs furious, and too eager of eſcape
Obſtruct the eaſy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footſteps; to and fro they reel
Aſtoniſh'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground aduſt her riven mouth diſparts,
Horrible chaſm profound! With ſwift deſcent
Old Ariconium ſinks and all her tribes,
Heroes and ſenators, down to the realms
Of endleſs Night. Meanwhile the looſen'd winds
Infuriate molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds, till all their force
Conſum'd her rav'nous jaws, th' earth ſatiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark
Whereby the curious paſſenger may learn
Her ample ſite ſave coins and mould'ring urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, laſting remains
Of that gigantic race, which as he breaks
The clotted glebe the plowman haply finds
Appall'd. Upon that treach'rous tract of land
She whilom ſtood; now Ceres in her prime
Smiles fertile, and with ruddieſt freight bedeck'd
The Apple-tree by our forefathers' blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muſe,

rging her deſtin'd lab.urs to purſue.
The prudent will obſerve what paſſions reign
various plants (for not to man alone
t all the wide creation Nature gave
ve and averſion.) Everlaſting hate
he vine to ivy bears, nor leſs abhors
he colewort's rankneſs, but with am'rous twine
aſps the tall elm. The Pæſtan roſe unfolds
r bud more lovely near the fetid leek,
reſt of ſtout Britons) and enhances thence
e price of her celeſtial ſcent. The gourd
d thirſty cucumber when they perceive
approaching olive with reſentment fly
r fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
verſe, deteſting contact, whilſt the fig
ntemns not rue nor ſage's humble leaf
ſe neighbouring. The Herefordian plant
reſſes freely the contiguous peach,
zel and weight-reſiſting palm, and likes
approach the quince, and th' elder's pithy ſtem,
neaſy ſeated by funereal yew
walnut (whoſe malignant touch impairs
l gen'rous fruits) or near the bitter dews
cherries: therefore weigh the habits well
plants, how they aſſociate beſt, nor let
neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Wouldſt thou thy vats with gen'rous juice ſhould froth?
ſpect thy Orchats: think not that the trees
ntaneous will produce an wholeſome draught.
t art correct thy breed: from parent bough
ſcion meetly ſever, after force
way into the crabſtock's cloſe wrought grain
wedges, and within the living wound
cloſe the foſter twig: nor over-nice

Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay: ere long their diff'ring veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil: now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit!
Whether the wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
Its feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of Cider plants finds passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the crab, deriv'd
Thro' th' infixed graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,
This doubtful progeny, by nicest tastes
Expected, best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the Orchat lord.

Some think the quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The sloe-stem, bearing sylvan plums austere.
Who knows but both may thrive? Howe'er, what loss
To try the pow'rs of both, and search how far
Two diff'rent natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the peach's odoriferous globe,
And pears of sundry forms: at diff'rent times
Adopted plums will alien branches grace,
And men have gather'd from the hawthorn's branch
Large medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of party colour'd fruits that please
The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muse,

rice ſacred Muſe! commodious precepts gives
ſtructive to the ſwains not wholly bent
what is gainful. Sometimes the diverts
om ſolid counſels, ſhews the force of love
ſavage beaſts, how virgin face divine
tracts the hapleſs youth thro' ſtorms and waves,
one in deep of night; then ſhe deſcribes
e Scythian winter, nor diſdains to ſing
w under ground the rude Riphæan race
imick briſk Cider with the brake's product wild,
es pounded, hips, and ſervis' hariheſt juice.
Let ſage Experience teach thee all the arts
grafting and ineyeing, when to lop
e flowing branches, what trees anſwer beſt
om root or kernel. ſhe will beſt the hours
harveſt and ſeed-time declare: by her
e diff'rent qualities of things were found
d ſecret motions, how with heavy bulk
latile Hermes, fluid and unmoiſt,
unts on the wings of air. To her we owe
e Indian weed * unknown to ancient times,
ture's choice gift, whoſe acrimonious fume
tracts ſuperfluous juices, and refines
e blood diſtemper'd from its noxious ſalts;
end to the ſpirits, which with vapours bland
gently mitigates; companion fit
pleaſantry and wine; nor to the bards
friendly when they to the vocal ſhell
arble melodious their well-labour'd ſongs.
found the poliſh'd glaſs, whoſe ſmall convex
larges to ten millions of degrees
mite, inviſible elſe, of Nature's hand

* Tobacco.

Leaſt animal, and ſhews what laws of life
The cheeſe-inhabitants obſerve, and how
Fabrick their manſions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artiſts! But the hidden ways
Of Nature wouldſt thou know, how firſt ſhe frames
All things in miniature? thy ſpecular orb
Apply to well-diſſected kernels; lo!
Strange forms ariſe, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: obſerve the ſlender threads
Of firſt beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow ſeeds deſcrib'd, thou'lt wond'ring ſay
An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boaſts.
Thus all things by Experience are diſplay'd,
And moſt improv'd. Then ſeduloufly think
To meliorate thy ſtock; no way or rule
Be unaſſay'd; prevent the morning ſtar
Aſſiduous, nor with the weſtern ſun
Surceaſe to work. Lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the livelong day
Conſume in meditation deep, recluſe
From human converſe, nor at ſhut of eve
Enjoy repoſe, but oft' at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking ſtudies, if by chance
Thee I may counſel right, and oft' this care
Diſturbs me ſlumb'ring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyſelf, and rather chuſe
To lie ſupinely, hoping Heav'n will bleſs
Thy ſlighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit when the ſtork, ſworn foe of ſnakes,
Returns, to ſhew compaſſion to thy plants
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well-ſharpen'd now aſſail the ſpreading ſhades
Of vegetables, and their thirſty limbs
Diſſever, for the genial moiſture due

Apples otherwise mifpends itfelf
barren twigs, and for the expected crop
but vain fhoots and empty leaves abound,
When fwelling buds their od'rous foliage fhed
d gently harden into fruit, the wife
re not the little offsprings if they grow
dundant, but the thronging cloſters thin
kind avulſion, elſe the ſtarveling brood,
d of ſufficient ſuſtenance, will yield
ſlender autumn, which the niggard ſoul
o late ſhall weep, and curſe his thrifty hand,
t would not timely eaſe the pond'rous boughs.
t much conduces all the cares to know
gard'ning, how to ſcare nocturnal thieves,
d how the little race of birds, that hop
m ſpray to ſpray ſcooping the coſtlieſt fruit
tiate, undiſturb'd. Priapus' form
ils but little; rather guard each row
h the falſe terrours of a breathleſs kite.
s done the tim'rous flock with ſwifteſt wing
d thro' the air; their fancy repreſents
mortal talons and his rav'nous beak
ructive; glad to ſhun his hoſtile gripe
y quit their theſts, and unfrequent the fields.
Beſides, the filthy ſwine will oft' invade
firm encloſure, and with delving ſnout
rooted foreſt undermine: forthwith
loo thy furious maſtiff; bid him vex
noxious herd, and print upon their ears
d memorial of their paſt offence.
The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
ge ſhoals of ſlow houſebearing ſnails that creep
the ripe fruitage, paring ſlimy tracks
he ſleek rinds, and unpreſt Cider drink.

No art averts this peſt; on thee it lies
With morning and with ev'ning hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor if wiſe wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itſelf rewards
With pleaſing gain, whilſt the warm limbeck draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
Myriads of waſps now alſo cluſt'ring hang,
And drain a ſpurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; tho' oft' repuls'd, again
They rally undiſmay'd: but fraud with eaſe
Enſnares the noiſome ſwarms: let ev'ry bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of moyle or mum, or treacle's viſcous juice;
They by th' alluring odour drawn in haſte
Fly to the delcet cates, and crowding ſip
Their palatable bane. Joyful thou'lt ſee
The clammy ſurface all o'erthrown with tribes
Of greedy inſects, that with fruitleſs toil
Flap filmy pennons oft' to extricate
Their feet, in liquid ſhackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthleſs ſouls. Such doom
Waits luxury and lawleſs love of gain!
However thou may'ſt forbid external force,
Inteſtine evils will prevail. Damp airs
And rainy winters to the centre pierce
Of firmeſt fruits, and by unſeen decay
The proper reliſh vitiate; then the grub,
Oft' unobſerv'd, invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant! and her ſecret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Leafleſs; mean-while the Apple's outward form
Delectable the witleſs ſwain beguiles,
Till with a writhen mouth and ſpatt'ring noiſe
He taſtes the bitter morſel, and rejects

Diſrelliſht, not with leſs ſurpriſe than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners paſs
Thro' flow'ry meads delighted, nor diſtruſt
The ſmiling ſurface, whilſt the cavern'd ground
With grain incentive flor'd by ſudden blaze
Burſts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts
Torn and diſmember'd they aloft expire.
Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæacian iſle, from whence
Sailing the ſpaces of the boundleſs deep
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd
The pippin burniſht o'er with gold, the moyle,
Of iweeteſt honey'd taſte, the fair pearmain
Temper'd like comelieſt nymph with red and white.
Siopian acres flouriſh with a growth
Peculiar, ſtyl'd the Ottley. Be thou firſt
This Apple to tranſplant: if to the name
Its merit anſwers, no where ſhalt thou find
A wine more priz'd or laudable of taſte.
Nor does the cleot leaſt deſerve thy care,
Nor johnapple, whoſe wither'd rind entrencht
With many a furrow aptly repreſents
Decrepit age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-reliſhing. Why ſhould we ſing the thrift,
Codling, or pomeroy, or of pimpled coat
The ruſſet, or the cat's-head's weighty orb,
Enormious in its growth; for various uſe
Tho' theſe are meet, tho' after full repaſt
Are oft' requir'd, and crown the rich deſſert.
What tho' the pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
Beſt ſcreen thy manſion from the fervent Dog,

Adverſe to life. The wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the ſtrong onſet and controls their rage;
Chiefly the Boſbury, whoſe large increaſe
Annual in ſumptuous banquets claims applauſe:
Thrice acceptable bev'rage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's ſelf
Would dread thy praiſe and ſhun the dubious ſtrife.
Be it thy choice when ſummer heats annoy,
To ſit beneath her leafy canopy
Quaffing rich liquids; oh how ſweet t' enjoy
At once her fruits and hoſpitable ſhade!
But how with equal numbers ſhall we match
The muſk's ſurpaſſing worth, that earlieſt gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the ſpreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings and cold ſyd'ral blaſts?
Yet let her to the redſtreak yield, that once
Was of the ſylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's ſkilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly diſcipline
Taught her the ſavage nature to forget;
Hence ſtyl'd The Scudamorian Plant, whoſe wine
Whoever taſtes let him with grateful heart
Reſpect that ancient loyal houſe, and wiſh
The nobler peer, that now tranſcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's juſteſt pride,
Uninterrupted joy and health entire.
Let ev'ry tree in ev'ry garden own
The redſtreak as ſupreme, whoſe pulpous fruit,
With gold irradiate and vermilion, ſhines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primeval interdicted plant that won

Fond Eve in hapleſs hour to taſte and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inſpires
Poetick raptures, and the lowly Muſe
Kindles to loftier ſtrains; ev'n I perceive
Her ſacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Eaſy, whilſt cheer'd with her nectareous juice
Her's and my country's praiſes I exalt.
Hail Herefordian Plant! that doſt diſdain
All other fields: Heav'n's ſweeteſt bleſſing hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my ſong
And thy choice nectar, on which always waits
Laughter and ſport, and care-beguiling wit
And friendſhip, chief delight of human life.
What ſhould we wiſh for more? or why in queſt
Of foreign vintage, inſincere and mixt,
Traverſe th' extremeſt world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean, when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far ſurmounts
Gallick or Latin grapes, or thoſe that ſee
The ſetting ſun near Calpe's tow'ring height?
Nor let the Rhodian nor the Leſbian vines
Vaunt their rich muſt, nor let Tokay contend
For ſov'reignty: Phanæus' ſelf muſt bow
To th' Ariconian vales. And ſhall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The ſoil lie idle, which with fit manure
Will largeſt uſury repay, alone
Impower'd to ſupply what Nature aſks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with butt'ning ooze enrich'd,
Give ſpirit to the graſs; three cubits high
The jointed herbage ſhoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Early o'ercomes the granaries with ſtore

Of golden wheat, the ſtrength of human life:
Lo! on auxiliary poles the hops
Aſcending ſpiral, rang'd in meet array:
Lo! how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'erſhadow'd, to the thirſty hind
Tranſporting proſpect. Theſe, as modern uſe
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compoſe,
Wholeſome, of deathleſs fame. Here to the ſight
Apples of price and plenteous ſheaves of corn
Oft' interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; ſo rich the ſoil,
So much does fructuous moiſture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whoſe tops
To heav'n aſpire, affording proſpect ſweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Deſcending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verd'rous paſture; nor the yellow fields
Gayly interchang'd, with rich variety
Pleaſing; as when an em'rald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright maſs acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to ſight.
Next add the ſylvan ſhades and ſilent groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel, whence the ſturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by ſweating peaſants fell'd,
Stems the vaſt main, and bears tremendous war
To diſtant nations, or with ſovran ſway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why ſhould the Chalybes or Bilboa boaſt
Their harden'd iron when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our ſaffron odours? or the fleece
Bœtick or fineſt Tarentine compare

With Le'm'ſter's ſilken wool? Where ſhall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? In ancient days
The Roman legions and great Cæſar found
Our fathers no mean foes, and Creſſy's plains
And Agincourt, deep ting'd with blood, confeſs
What the Silures' vigour unwithſtood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide wafting hand, firſt garter'd knight,
Puiſſant author of great Chandos' ſtem,
High Chandos! that tranſmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient proweſs and renown,
To his noble offspring. O thrice happy Peer!
That bleſt with hoary vigour view'ſt thyſelf
Freſh blooming in thy gen'rous ſon, whoſe lips
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact
Charm the wiſe ſenate, and attention win
To deepeſt councils. Ariconium pleas'd
Him as her choſen worthy firſt ſalutes;
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallick ſhore,
Him hardy Britons bleſs; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The gen'ral's conduct than his care avails.
Thee alſo glorious branch of Cecil's line
This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls; yet ſhe endures
Patient thy abſence, ſince thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muſes' faireſt ſeat *
Where Aldrich † reigns, and from his endleſs ſtore
Of univerſal knowledge ſtill ſupplies
His noble care: he gen'rous thoughts inſtils

* Oxford.
† Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Chriſt-Church.

Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues: by his Genius led,
Thou soon in ev'ry art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame,
Hail high-born Peer! and thou great nurse of arts
And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hanmer and Bromley! thou to whom with due
Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce
As in the cause of virtue firm may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear ye Gods! this vow
From one the meanest in her num'rous train;
Tho' meanest not least studious of her praise.
Muse! raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
To Beaufort! in a long descent deriv'd
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful assertors: in him cent'ring meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious Prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting thee
In her fair list this happy land enrols.
Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of blighted worth
In evil days: whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a num'rous train
Of daily guests, whose board with plenty crown'd
Revives the feast-rites old; mean-while his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness shuns the praise
[illegible] Permit me, bounteous Lord!

blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine,
d with thy name to dignify my song.
But who is he that on the winding stream
Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
joy'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
ighing the form of things with wise forecast
citous of public good? How large
mind, that comprehends whate'er was known
old or present time! yet not elate,
t conscious of its skill. What praise deserves
s lib'ral hand that gathers but to give,
venting suit? O not unthankful Muse,
n lowly rev'rence that first deign'd to hear
y pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious tongues;
knowledge thy own Harley, and his name
scribe on ev'ry bark; the wounded plants
ll fast increase, fatter thy just respect.
Such are our heroes, by their virtues known
skill in peace and war. Of softer mould
female sex with sweet attractive airs
blue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft'
t view their matchless forms with transient glance
ch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
t with the magick of their eyes. Nor hath
e Dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
r gifts of outward grace; their innocence
feign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
m pride or artifice, long joys afford
th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
life rebate the miseries of age.
d is there found a wretch so base of mind
t woman's pow'rful beauty dares condemn,
test work of heav'n? he ill deserves
love or pity; friendless let him lee

Uneasy tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race; but may the man
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour! O ye Gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling, in whose heav'nly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd; but if the stars
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
May I at least the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity, nor ever want
A friend with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish by kind intercourse
Of speech and offices! May in my mind
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undefery'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid, most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild impartial reason, what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence,
Freely vouchsaf'd when to the gates of death
I tended prone? If thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd, and these empty thoughts
Of Apples perish'd; but uprais'd by thee
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous: but nor night nor day suffice
For that great task; the highly honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.

t me be grateful; but let far from me
fawning cringe, and falſe-diſſembling look,
nd ſervile flattery, that harbours oft'
courts and gilded roofs. Some looſe the bands
ancient friendſhip, cancel Nature's laws
r pageantry and tawdry gewgaws: ſome
nounce their ſires, oppoſe paternal right
r rule and pow'r, and others' realms invade
ith ſpecious ſhews of love: this trait'rous wretch
rays his ſov'reign. Others, deſtitute
real zeal, to ev'ry altar bend,
lucre ſway'd, and act the baſeſt things
be ſtyl'd Honourable. The honeſt man,
mple of heart, prefers inglorious want
ill-got wealth: rather from door to door
jocund pilgrim tho' diſtreſs'd he'll rove
an break his plighted faith: nor fear nor hope
ill ſhock his ſtedfaſt ſoul: rather debarr'd
ch common privilege, cut off from hopes
meaneſt gain, of preſent goods deſpoil'd,
e'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
npity'd; yet his mind of evil pure
pports him, and intention free from fraud.
no retinue with obſervant eyes
ttend him, if he can't with purple ſtain
cumbrous veſtments labour'd o'er with gold
zzle the crowd and ſet them all agape,
et clad in homely weeds from Envy's darts
emote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
conſcience, nor with ſpectres' grifly forms,
emons and injur'd ſouls, at cloſe of day
nnoy'd, ſad interrupted ſlumbers finds;
ut (as a child whoſe inexperienc'd age
or evil purpoſe fears nor knows) enjoys

Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When Chanticleer with clarion shrill recalls
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowell'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race; or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep
Of good, and just, and meet, and the wholesome rule
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blatt the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate:
Studious of virtue he no life observes
Except his own; his own employs his cares,
Large subject; that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little flock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful and meek.
Thus sacred Virgil liv'd from courtly vice
And baits of pompous Rome secure, at court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds and how himself:
Best Poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
Of Phœbus; nor less fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim! And if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
Content, depress by penury and pine
In foreign realm, yet not debas'd his verse
By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard *,

* Milton.

nd but he that firſt ennobled ſong
holy rapture like his Abdiel been,
many faithleſs ſtrictly faithful found,
'd he ſhould not have wail'd his orbs,
ll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
und no dawn, by dim ſuffuſion veil'd.
—However, let the Muſe abſtain,
ft his fame from whom ſhe learnt to ſing
h inferior ſtrains, grov'lling beneath
rupian hill, on plains and vales intent,
llower! There let her reſt a while,
with the fragrant walks and cool retreat.

CIDER.

BOOK II.

O HARCOURT! whom th' ingenious love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native soil beyond
Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the relicks of old Rome, or what
Unrivall'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strew with purple flow'rs,
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear Youth! return,
Of wit and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace;
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence. See how the cause
Of widows and of orphans he asserts
With winning rhet'rick and well-argu'd law!
Mark well his footsteps, and like him deserve
Thy prince's favour and thy country's love.
Mean-while, altho' the Massick grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice Apples, and the British vats

O'erflow with gen'rous Cider. Far remote
Accept this labour, nor deſpiſe the Muſe
That paſſing lands and ſeas on thee attends.
Thus far of Trees: the pleaſing taſk remains
To ſing of Wines and Autumn's bleſt increaſe.
Th' effects of art are ſhewn, yet what avails
'Gainſt Heav'n? Oft' notwithſtanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the ſmall fruitlry ſeems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blaſt
Diſaſtrous flies, ſoon as the hind fatigu'd
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unſkill'd
To bear the hot diſeaſe, diſtemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide enclofure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus diſappointed: if the former years
Exhibit no ſupplies, alas! thou muſt
With taſteleſs water waſh thy droughty throat.
A thouſand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert or check: uncertain all his toil
Till luſty Autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, inſenſibly confirm
His ripening labours. Autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and ſkydy'd plums, and what in coat
Rough, or ſoft rind, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
Fat olives, and piſtachio's fragrant nut,
And the pine's taſteful apple: Autumn paints
Auſonian hills with grapes, whilſt Engliſh plains
Bluſh with pomaceous harveſts, breathing ſweets.
O let me now when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embofom'd bowers, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whoſe full-ag'd ſtore

Diffuſe ambroſial ſteams than myrrh or nard
More grateful or perfuming flow'ry bean!
Soft whiſp'ring airs and the lark's mattin ſong
Then woo to muſing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irkſome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Beſt portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, ſmiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! But ah!
Short are our joys, and neighb'ring griefs diſturb
Our pleaſant hours! Inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith froſty blaſts deface
The blitheſome year; trees of their ſhrivelled fruits
Are widow'd, dreary ſtorms o'er all prevail!
Now, now is the time, ere haſty ſuns forbid
To work, diſburden thou thy ſapleſs wood
Of its rich progeny: the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor; now exhort
Thy hinds to exerciſe the pointed ſteel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder; now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a ſturdy poſt
Cylindrick, to ſupport the grinder's weight
Exceſſive, and a flexile ſallow entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hoard.
Nor muſt thou not be mindful of thy preſs
Long ere the vintage, but with timely care
Shave the goat's ſhaggy beard, leſt thou too late
In vain ſhouldſt ſeek a ſtrainer to diſpart
The huſky terrene dregs from purer muſt.
Be cautious next a proper ſteed to find
Whoſe prime is paſt; the vig'rous horſe diſdains
Such ſervile labours, or if forc'd forgets
His paſt atchievements and victorious palms:
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,

Shall roll th' unwieldy ſtone; with ſober pace
He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve
From early dayſpring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuſeful to his lord.
Some when the preſs by utmoſt vigour ſcrew'd
Has drain'd the pulpous maſs, regale their ſwine
With the dry refuſe; thou, more wiſe, ſhalt ſteep
Thy huſks in water, and again employ
The pond'rous engine. Water will imbibe
The ſmall remains of ſpirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peaſants blithe
Will quaff, and whiſtle as thy tinkling team
They drive, and ſing of Fuſca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor ſhalt thou now
Reject the Applecheeſe, tho' quite exhauſt;
Ev'n now it will cheriſh and improve the roots
Of ſickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harveſt of unuſual growth.
Such profit ſprings from huſks diſcreetly us'd!
The tender Apples from their parents rent
By ſtormy ſhocks muſt not neglected lie
The prey of worms. A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which ſubdu'd
By endleſs culture with ſufficient muſt,
His caſks repleniſh'd yearly: he no more
Deſir'd nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various ſeaſons, and by ſkill repel
Invading peſts, ſucceſsful in his cares
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempeſts arm'd
Outrageous, blaſter'd horrible amidſt
His Cider grove: o'erturn'd by furious blaſts
The ſightly ranks fall proſtrate, and around
Their fruitage ſcatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stripp'd immature: yet did he not repine

Nor curſe his ſtars, but prudent his fall'n heaps
Collecting cheriſh'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded graſs, and the ſun's mellowing beams
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A coſtly liquor, by improving time
Equall'd with what the happieſt vintage bears.
But this I warn thee, and ſhall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures uſe, as ſome
With wat'ry turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated braſs, ſteaming with fire intenſe,
Altho' Devonia much commends the uſe
Of ſtrength'ning Vulcan: with their native ſtrength
Thy wines ſufficient other aid refuſe,
And when th' allotted orb of time's complete,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.
Nor let thy av'rice tempt thee to withdraw
The prieſt's appointed ſhare; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increaſe beſtow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous goodneſs; that will ſure repay
Thy grateful duty. This neglected, fear
Signal avengeance, ſuch as overtook
A miſer that unjuſtly once withheld
The clergy's due: relying on himſelf,
His fields he tended with ſucceſsleſs care
Early and late, when or unwiſh'd-for rain
Deſcended or unſeaſonable froſts
Curb'd his increaſing hopes, or when around
The clouds dropp'd fatneſs in the middle ſky,
The dew ſuſpended ſtaid, and left unmoiſt
His execrable glebe. Recording this
Be juſt and wiſe, and tremble to tranſgreſs.
Learn now the promiſe of the coming year
To know, that by no flatt'ring ſigns abus'd

Thou wisely may'ſt provide. The various moon
Prophetic and attendant ſtars explain
Each riſing dawn: ere icy cruſts ſurmount
The current ſtream the heav'nly orbs ſerene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unfully'd: now the fowler, warn'd
By theſe good omens, with ſwift early ſteps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging thro' fields and glades
Offenſive to the birds: ſulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedleſs while they ſtrain
Their tuneful throats, the tow'ring heavy lead
O'ertakes their ſpeed: they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.
The woodcock's early viſit and abode
Of long continuance in our temp'rate clime
Foretell a lib'ral harveſt. He, of times
Inteſligent, the harſh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters: when our ſuns
Cleave the chill'd ſoil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen ſummers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent ſnows: O may'ſt thou often ſee
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutritious! ſecret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quick'ning the languid glebe.
Sometimes thou ſhalt with fervent vows implore
A mod'rate wind: the Orchat loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads: the looſen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earneſt of happy years.
Nor will it nothing profit to obſerve
The monthly ſtars, their pow'rful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each ſign. On our account has Jove

Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slake
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the corinths, now the rasps, supply
Delicious draughts: the quinces now, or plums
Or cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit,
Are press'd to wines: the Britons squeeze the works
Of fed'lous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
Prepare balsamick cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal and short-breath'd ancient sires.
But if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wouldst brew,
Besides the Orchat ev'ry hedge and bush
Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads
Unfore'd display ten thousand painted flow'rs
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the cowslip posies faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that in mid fervours best
Slake craving thirst and mitigate the day.
Happy Ierne *! whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad and viper from her shore,
More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd) which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart

* Ireland.

Present redress, and lively health convey.
See how the Belgæ, tedulous and stout,
With bowls of fatt'ning mum or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent rising fumes! by use
Instructed thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora and Islandick coasts,
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctick tract spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry big with wine
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines? and oft'
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose and quick-decaying feet.
Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they
Whom sunny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, rum and rice's spirit extract:
For here expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades and Thracia's gales,
Pining with equinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep
Quick circuiting: nor dare they close their eyes
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which in often interrupted sleep
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else mutely to death,
Obnoxious, driven, death the effect of drouth

More happy they born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they whom the cotton plant
With downy-ſprouting veſts arrays; their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts that give at once
Celeſtial food and nectar; then at hand
The lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous ſpirits added, (heav'nly drink!)
They with pneumatick engine ceaſeleſs draw,
Intent on laughter: a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As when
Againſt a ſecret cliff with ſudden ſhock
A ſhip is daſh'd, and leaking drinks the ſea,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mariners aye ply the pump,
Nor ſtay nor reſt till the wide breach is clos'd;
So they (but cheerful) unfatigu'd toil move
The draining ſucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleaſing work.
But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are fruſtrate, ſhouldſt thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded ſtore
And the harſh draught muſt twice endure the ſun's
Kind ſtrength'ning heat, twice winter's purging cold.
There are that a compounded fluid drain
From diff'rent mixtures, woodcock, pippin, moyle,
Rough eleot, ſweet pearmain: the blended ſtreams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleaſurable medley, of what taſte
Hardly diſtinguiſh'd; as the ſhow'ry arch
With lifted colours gay, or, azure, gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the wat'ry braid with thouſand ſhews
Of painture vary'd, yet's unſkill'd to tell
Or where one colour riſes or one faints.
Some Ciders have by art or age unlearn'd

Their genuine reliſh, and of ſundry vines
Aſſum'd the flavour: one ſort counterfeits
The Spaniſh product; this to Gauls has ſeem'd
The ſparkling nectar of Champaigne; with that
A German oft' has ſwill'd his throat, and ſworn
Deluded that imperial Rhine beſtow'd
The gen'rous rummer, whilſt the owner pleas'd
Laughs inly at his gueſts thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his Cider caſk.
Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of cloſe-preſt huſks is freed, thou muſt refrain
Thy thirſty ſoul: let none perſuade to broach
Thy thick unwholeſome undigeſted cades;
The hoary froſts and northern blaſts take care
Thy muddy bev'rage to ſerene, and drive
Precipitant the baſer ropy lees.
And now thy wine's tranſpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy groſs, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuſe, leſt too ſoon diſjoin'd,
From ſprightly it to ſharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Sufficient to provide a brazen tube
Inſert; ſelf-taught and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, thro' the vent
Aſcending, then by downward track convey'd
Spouts into ſubject veſſels lovely clear;
As when a noontide ſun with ſummer beams
Darts thro' a cloud her wat'ry ſkirts are edg'd
With lucid amber or undroſſy gold,
So and ſo richly the purg'd liquid ſhines.
Now alſo when the colds abate nor yet
Full ſummer ſhines, a dubious ſeaſon, cloſe
In glaſs thy purer ſtreams, and let them gain
From due confinement ſpirit and flavour new.

For this intent the ſubtle chymiſt feeds
Perpetual flames, whoſe unreſiſted force
O'er ſand and aſhes and the ſtubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fuſil ſea
That in his furnace bubbles ſeeming red;
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd ſteel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a ſurpriſing cube or ſphere
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For ev'ry liquid with his plaſtick lungs,
To human life ſubſervient: by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve; the movle
And taſteful pippin in a moon's ſhort year
Acquire complete perfection: now they ſmoke
Tranſparent, ſparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harſher fluids diff'rent lengths of time
Expect: thy flaſk will ſlowly mitigate
The eleot's roughneſs: Storm, ſtarneſt fruit,
Embottled long as Priameian Troy
Withſtood the Grecks endures ere juſtly mild:
Soften'd by age it youthful vigour gains,
Fallacious drink! Ye honeſt men! beware,
Nor truſt its ſmoothneſs; the third circling glaſs
Suffices virtue: but may hypocrites,
(That ſlyly ſpeak one thing another think,
Hateful as hell) plead'd with the reſh weak
Drink on unwarn'd, till by enchanting cups
Intatuate they their wily thoughts diſcloſe,
And thro' intemp'rance grow a while ſincere!

The farmer's toil is done: his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhauſt permit
T' indulge a while. Now ſolemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.

honeſt friends at thirſty hour of duſk
ne uninvited; he with bounteous hand
parts his ſmoking vintage, ſweet reward
his own induſtry; the well-fraught bowl
cles incellant, whilſt the humble cell
th quav'ring laugh and rural jeſts reſounds.
e and content, and undiſſembled love,
ne in each face; the thoughts of labour paſt
reaſe their joy: as from retentive cage
hen ſullen Philomel eſcapes her notes
varies, and of paſt impriſonment
eetly complains, her liberty retriev'd
eers her ſad ſoul, improves her pleaſing ſong:
allome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
healthy temp'rance, nor encroach on night,
on of reſt but well-bedew'd repair
h to his home with unſupp'anted feet:
heav'n's emblazon'd by the roſy dawn
neſſic cares awake them; briſk they riſe
reſh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
n amicable talk and mod'rate cups
eetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
ent redreſs, and long oblivion drinks
oy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
joys are ſhort and few; yet when he drinks
dread retires; the flowing glaſſes add
ge and mirth; magnificent in thought
gnavy riches he enjoys,
in the jail expatiates unconfin'd.
m the poet Bacchus' praiſe indite
n'd his grape. The Muſes ſtill require
nd regalement, nor will aught avail
oring Phœbus with unmoiſten'd lips.
s to the gen'rous bottle all incline,

By parching thirſt allur'd. With vehement ſuns
When duſty ſummer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleaſant is't beneath the twiſted arch
Of a retreating bow'r in mid-day's reign
To ply the ſweet carouſe, remote from noiſe,
Secur'd of fev'riſh heats! When th' aged year
Inclines and Boreas' ſpirit bluſters frore,
Beware th' inclement heav'ns; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceleſs boughs; thy ling'ring blood
Now inſtigate with th' Apple's pow'rful ſtreams.
Perpetual ſhow'rs and ſtormy guſts confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities; now ſportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms with ſuiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; ſturdy ſwains
In clean array for ruſtick dance prepare;
Mixt with the buxom damſels: hand in hand
They friſk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Tranſported, and ſometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, ſometimes an haſty kiſs
Steal from unwary laſſes; they with ſcorn
And neck reclin'd reſent the raviſh'd bliſs:
Mean-while blind Britiſh bards with volant touch
Traverſe loquacious ſtrings, whoſe ſolemn notes
Provoke to harmleſs revels; theſe among
A ſubtle artiſt ſtands; in wondrous bag
That bears impriſon'd winds (of gentler ſort
Than thoſe which erſt Laertes' ſon enclos'd)
Peaceful they ſleep; but let the tuneful ſqueeze
Of lab'ring elbow rouſe them, out they fly
Melodious, and with ſprightly accents charm.
'Midſt theſe diſports forget they not to drench
Themſelves with bellying goblets; nor when ſpring

eturns, can they refuse to usher in
he fresh-born year with loud acclaim and store
f jovial draughts, now when the sappy boughs
ttire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
f future harvest. When the Gnossian Crown
eads on expected autumn, and the trees
ischarge their mellow burdens, let them thank
oon Nature, that thus annually supplies
heir vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
xhilarates their languid minds, within
he golden mean confin'd; beyond there is nought
f health or pleasure: therefore when thy heart
lates with fervent joys, and eager soul
rompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
's time to shun it: if thou wilt prolong
re compotation, forthwith reason quits
er empire to confusion, and misrule,
nd vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
nspire in senseless jargon; nought is heard
t din, and various clamour, and mad rant:
istrust and jealousy to these succeed,
nd anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
f well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
ommence; the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
ith dire intent; bottles with bottles clash
rude encounter; round their temples fly
he sharp-edg'd fragments: down their batter'd cheeks
lat gore and Cider flow. What shall we say
rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
y'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep
prudent? Him Death's iron sleep oppress,
scending careless from his couch; the fall
t his neck-joint and spinal marrow bruis'd.

Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turb'lent mirth of wine, nor all the kinds
Of maladies that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemp'rance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill ev'n when the sun with July-heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy, all afloat,
Yet craving liquids; nor the Centaurs' tale
Be here repeated, how with lust and wine
Inflam'd they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heav'nly Pow'rs that guard
The British Isles! such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups. May we, remote
From the hoarse brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draught
Enkindle mirth and hospitable love!
Too oft' alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft' has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others' rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot how fell destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget how the mad headstrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, Atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity and cover'd fraud,

Inſtill'd by him who firſt preſum'd t' oppoſe
Omnipotence: alike their crime; th' event
Was not alike: theſe triumph'd, and in height
Of barb'rous malice and inſulting pride
Abſtain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles! O beſt of Kings!
What ſtars their black diſaſtrous influence ſhed
On thy nativity, that thou ſhouldſt fall
Thus by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By thoſe thy mercy only would have ſav'd!
Yet was the Cider land unſtain'd with guilt;
The Cider land, obſequious ſtill to thrones,
Abhorr'd ſuch baſe diſloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into ſwords,
Undaunted, to aſſert the trampl'd rights,
Of Monarchy. But ah! ſucceſsleſs ſhe
However faithful: then was no regard
Of right or wrong; and this once happy land,
By homebred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannick ſway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd Kings and Liberty reſtor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while ſhe to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and reſtrains
The rage of kings. Here nobly ſhe ſupports
Juſtice oppreſs'd; here her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: from her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge or hopes redreſs.
Rejoice, O Albion! ſever'd from the world
By Nature's wiſe indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without, in one ſupreme
Entirely bleſt, and from beginning time
Deſign'd thus happy: but the fond deſire

Of rule and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of kings and num'rous ſceptres introduc'd,
Deſtructive of the publick weal: for now
Each potentate as wary fear or ſtrength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory ſeeks
With ruinous aſſault: on ev'ry plain
Hoſt cop'd with hoſt; dire was the din of war
And ceaſeleſs, or ſhort truce haply procur'd
By havock and diſmay, till jealouſy
Rais'd new combuſtion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds and conflict ſtern,
Till Edgar grateful (as to thoſe who pine
A diſmal half-year night the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) aroſe, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending pow'rs;
Pacifick monarch! then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The ſpirit of love. At eaſe the Bards new ſtrung
Their ſilent harps, and taught the woods and vales
In uncouth rhythms to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladneſs ſmil'd in ev'ry eye, the years
Ran ſmoothly on, productive of a line
Of wiſe heroick kings, that by juſt laws
Eſtabliſh'd happineſs at home, or cruſh'd
Inſulting enemies in fartheſt climes.
See lion-hearted Richard with his force
Drawn from the north to Jewry's hallow'd plains;
Piouſly valiant (like a torrent ſwell'd
With wintry tempeſts, that diſdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its ſweep trees, houſes, men) he preſs'd
Amidſt the thickeſt battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withſtood his zealous rage: no pauſe,

No ſtay of ſlaughter found his vig'rous arm,
But th' unbelieving ſquadrons turn'd to flight,
Smote in the rear, and with diſhoneſt wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan as he fled
Oft call'd on Alla, gnaſhing with deſpite
And ſhame, and murmur'd many an empty curſe.
Behold Third Edward's ſtreamers blazing high
On Gallia's hoſtile ground! his right withheld
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on falſe hopes, thus to incenſe
The warlike Engliſh! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverſe front
Advance reſiſtleſs, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their deſp'rate king,
Twice he aroſe and join'd the horrid ſhock:
The third time with his wide-extended wings
The fugitive declin'd ſuperiour ſtrength,
Diſcomfited: purſu'd, in the ſad chaſe
Ten thouſand ignominious fall: with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd
With golden Iris his broad ſhield emboſs'd,
Thrice-glorious Prince! whom Fame with all her tongues
For ever ſhall reſound. Yet from his loins
New authors of diſſenſion ſpring: from him
Two branches that in hoſting long contend
For ſovran ſway: (and can ſuch anger dwell
In nobleſt minds?) But little now avail'd
The ties of friendſhip: ev'ry man, as led
By inclination or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate
And dire revenge. Now horrid ſlaughter reigns;
One againſt fathers tilt the fatal lance,

Careleſs of duty, and their native grounds
Diſtain with kindred blood: the twanging bows
Send ſhow'rs of ſhafts that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you ſee
Barons and peaſants on the embattled field
Slain or half-dead in one huge ghaſtly heap
Promiſcuouſly amaſs'd. With diſmal groans
And ejulation in the pangs of death
Some call for aid neglected; ſome o'erturn'd
In the fierce ſhock lie gaſping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery courſers. Horrour thus
And wild uproar and deſolation reign'd
Unreſpited. Ah! who at length will end
This long pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reſerv'd for this great work? ——Hail, happy Prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallader foreſaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry! that by nuptial rites
Muſt cloſe the gates of Janus, and remove
Deſtructive diſcord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour ſhrill
Affrights the wife or chills the virgin's blood,
But joy and pleaſure open to the view
Uninterrupted! With preſaging ſkill
Thou to thy own unteſt Fergus' line
By wife alliance. From thee James deſcends,
Heav'n's choſen fav'rite, juſt Britannick king:
To him alone hereditary right
Gave pow'r ſupreme: yet ſtill ſome ſeeds remain'd
Of diſcontent; two nations under one,
In laws and intereſt diverſe, ſtill purſu'd
Peculiar ends, on each ſide reſolute
To fly conjunction: neither fear nor hope,
Nor the ſweet proſpect of a mutual gain,

Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said,
Let there be union: straight with rev'rence due
To her command they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indissolubly firm, from Dubris south
To northern Orcades her long domain.
And now thus league'd by an eternal band,
What shall retard the Britons' bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the pow'rs combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Heads war from utmost Thule. Uncontroll'd
The British navy thro' the ocean vast
Shall wave a double Cross, t' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby wealth-fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl and Barbarick gold: mean-while the swains
Shall unmolested reap what Plenty strews
From well-tilled horn, rich grain and timely fruits.
The elder year Pomona pleas'd shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
Abundant flowing in well-blended streams
The natives shall applaud, while glad they talk
Of baleful ills caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms. Where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian Cider borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

O D E

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

I.

O QUI recifæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire fuccum, et fuaveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

II.

Qui folus acri refpicis afperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui faporem
Heſperii pretiumque foles:

III.

Equid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, defideſque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV.

Ferri fecundo mens avet impetu,
Qua cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venuſinus alas:

V.

Solers modorum, ſeu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, ſeu caneret roſas
Et vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruſcum
Dote beans equitem ſub antris.

VI.

non Lyæi vis generosior
luxit illi; sæpe licet cadum
et Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
nera, lætitiamque testæ.

VII.

onus illi non fuit artium
ebriorum; sed nec amantior
chorus æquè. O! quæ medullas
mma subit, tacitosque sensus!

VIII.

tentat, ut teque et tua munera
gus recordor, mercurialium
ceps virorum! et ipse Musæ
tor, et usque colende Musis!

IX.

me minantem grandia deficit
eptus ægrè spiritus, ilia
ni pulsat ima, ac inquietum
lis agens sine more pectus.

X.

è petito quassat anhelitu;
nella planè, ni mihi balsamum
illet in venas, tuæque
is opem ferat haustus uvæ.

XI.

ne sumo, parcis et tibi poculis
o salutem; quin precor, optima
usque conjux sospitetur,
petuo recreans amore.

XII.

Te conſulentem militiæ ſuper
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formoſa cui Franciſca ceſſit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

XIII

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus inſidet *!
Tu forte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miſerum!) videndo:

XIV.

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excuſſit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

XV.

Hanc ulla mentis ſpe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque deſit, nocte, die vigil
Suſpiro; nec jam vina ſomnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

* There ſeems to be an errour in all the printed c
The Author probably wrote

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
Ornat; labellis cui Venus inſidet!

AN ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706 *.

I.

THOU, from India's fruitful foil
That doft that fov'reign herb † prepare,
hofe rich fumes I lofe the toil
e and ev'ry anxious care,
e from the fragrant lighted bole
k new life into my foul;

II

, only thou! art kind to view
arching flames that I fuftain,
h with cool draughts thy caſks fubdue,
wash away the thirſty pain
wines whofe ſtrength and taſte we prize,
Latian ſuns and nearer ſkies;

III.

y to bleſs thy pious love
vows, what off'rings ſhall I bring?
I can ſpare and thou approve
ir gift, O hear me ſing!
mbers Phœbus does inſpire,
rings for thee the charming lyre.

This piece was tranſlated by the Rev. Thomas
tomb, M. A. of Corpus Chriſti Col ege, Oxon.

Tobacco.

IV

Aloft above the liquid ſky
I ſtretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's ſweet ſwan did whilom ſly,
And ſoaring left the clouds below,
The Muſe invoking to endue
With ſtrength his pinions as he flew.

V.

Whether he ſings great Beauty's praiſe,
Love's gentle pain or tender woes,
Or chuſe the ſubject of his lays
The bluſhing grape or blooming roſe,
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky ſprings
Mæcenas liſtens while he ſings:

VI.

Yet he no nobler draught could boaſt
His Muſe or muſick to inſpire,
Tho' all Falernum's purple coaſt
Flow'd in each glaſs to lend him fire,
And on his tables us'd to ſmile
The vintage of rich Chio's iſle.

VII.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his ſongs,
His Muſe extoll'd, his voice approv'd;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more belov'd:
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

VIII.

Teach me the paſſion to reſtrain
As I my grateful homage bring.
And laſt in Phœbus' humble train
I ie firſt and brighteſt genius ſing;
The Muſes fav'rite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

IX.

But oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my love, to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly fire,
My boſom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful ſtring,
And pant and languiſh as I ſing.

X.

Faint nature now demands that breath
That feebly ſtrives thy worth to ſing,
And would be huſh'd and loſt in death,
Did not thy care kind ſuccours bring.
Thy pitying caſks my ſoul ſuſtain,
And call new life in ev'ry vein.

XI.

The ſober glaſs I now behold
Thy health with fair Franciſca's join,
Wiſhing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While ſhe can pleaſe and thou canſt love.

XII.

Thus while by you the British arms
Triumph, and distant fame pursue,
The yielding fair resigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too:
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
And all the nymph, becomes your prize.

XIII.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,
Upon her lips what sweetness dwells!
Not Love himself so oft' beguiles,
Nor Venus' self so much excels.
What different fates our passions share,
While you enjoy and I despair!

XIV.

Maria's * form as I survey,
Her smiles a thousand wounds impart;
Each feature steals my soul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart,
And chasing thence each other fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

XV.

Altho' my anxious breast despair,
And sighing hopes no kind return,
Yet for the lov'd relentless fair
By night I wake, by day I burn;
Nor can thy gifts soft sleep supply,
Or sooth my pains or close my eye.

* Miss Meers, daughter of the Principal of Braz. Nos Col. Oxon.

CEREALIA *.

AN IMITATION OF MILTON, 1706.

"Per ambages, Deorumque miniſteria
"Præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus." PETRONIUS.

OF Engliſh tipple and the potent grain
Which in the conclave of celeſtial pow'rs
Bred fell debate, ſing Nymph of heav'nly ſtem!
Who on the hoary top of Penmanmaur
Merlin the ſeer didſt viſit, whilſt he ſat
With aſtrolabe prophetick, to foreſee
Young actions iſſuing from the Fates' divan.
Full of thy pow'r, infus'd by nappy ale,
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs
In their obſcure ſojourn o'er heav'n's high cope,
Nor ceas'd till the gray dawn with orient dew
Impearl'd his large muſtaches, deep enſconc'd
Beneath his overſhadowing orb of hat,
And ample fence of elephantine noſe
Scornful of keeneſt polar winds, or fleet
Or hail ſent rattling wn from wintry Jove,
Vain efforts on his ſev'n-fold mantle, made
Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)

* This poem is taken from a folio copy 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Philips was inſerted in the handwriting of Archbiſhop Tenniſon. It was publiſh'd by T. Bennet, the bookſeller for whom Blenheim was printed; a ſtrong preſumptive proof of this being by the ſame author.

Such energy of ſoul to raiſe the ſong
Deign, Goddeſs! now to me; nor then withdraw
Thy ſure preſiding pow'r, but guide my wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.
Now from th' enſanguin'd Iſter's reeking flood,
Tardy with many a corſe of Boian knight
And Gallick deep ingulft, with barbed ſteeds
Promiſcuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing th' expanſe of heav'n with active plume;
Nor ſwifter from Plinlimmon's ſteepy top
The ſtanch gerfalcon thro' the buxom air
Stoops on the ſteerage of his wings to truſs
The quarry, hern or mallard, newly ſprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth
Runs faſt a Nais thro' the flow'ry meads
To ſpread round Ariconium's tow'rs her ſtreams.
Her golden trump the goddeſs ſounded thrice,
Whoſe ſhrilling clang reach'd heav'n's extremeſt ſphere
Rous'd at the blaſt, the gods with winged ſpeed
To learn the tidings came: on radiant thrones
With fair memorials and impreſſes quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they ſat, deviſ'd of old
By Mulciber, nor ſmall his ſkill I ween.
There ſhe relates what Churchill's arm had wrought
On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus roſe,
By his plump cheek and barrel-belly known;
The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
Around his roſy brow in ringlets curl'd,
And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
The enſigns of the god. With ardent tone
He mov'd that ſtraight the nectar'd bowl ſhould flow,
Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heav'n
Uncommon orgies ſhould be kept till eve,
Till all were fated with immortal muſt,

Delicious tipple! that in heav'nly veins
Aſſimilated vig'rous ichor bred,
Superiour to Frontiniack, or Bourdeaux,
Or old Falern, Campania's beſt increaſe,
Or the more dulcet juice the happy iſles
From Palma or Forteventura ſend.
Joy flush'd on ev'ry face, and pleaſing glee
Inward aſſent diſcover'd, till uproſe
Ceres not blithe, for marks of latent woe
Dim on her viſage lower'd: ſuch her deport
When Arethuſa from her reedy bed
Told her how Dis young Proſerpine had rap'd
To ſway his iron ſceptre, and command
In gloom Tartareous half his wide domain:
Then ſighing thus ſhe ſaid——"Have I ſo long
"Employ'd my various art t' enrich the lap
"Of Earth, all-bearing mother, and my lore
"Communicated to th' unweeting hind,
"And ſhall not this preeminence obtain?"
Then from beneath her Tyrian veſt ſhe took
The bearded ears of grain ſhe moſt admir'd,
Which gods call Crithe, in terreſtrial ſpeech
Ycleped Barley. "'Tis to this," ſhe cry'd,
"The Britiſh cohorts owe their martial fame
"And far-redoubted proweſs, matchleſs Youth!
"This when returning from the foughten field
"Or Norick or Iberian ſeam'd with ſcars,
"(Sad ſignatures of many a dreadful gaſh!)
"The veteran carouſing ſoon reſtores
"Puiſſance to his arm, and ſtrings his nerves.
"And as a ſnake when firſt the roſy Hours
"Shed vernal ſweets o'er ev'ry vale and mead
"Rolls tardy from his cell obſcure and dank,
"But when by genial rays of ſummer ſun

" Purg'd of his slough he nimbler thrids the brake,
" Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
" Terrifick, from each eye retort he shoots
" Ensanguin'd rays, the distant swains admire
" His various neck and spires bedropt with gold;
" So at each glass the harrast warriour feels
" Vigour renate; his horrent arms he takes
" And rusting falchion, on whose ample hilt
" Long Victory sat dormant; soon she shakes
" Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war
" With speed succinct, where soon his martial port
" She recognises, whilst he haughty stands
" On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
" Wide torment on the serry'd files, so us'd
" Frequent in bold emprise to work sad rout
" And havock dire; these the bold Briton mows,
" Dauntless as deities exempt from fate,
" Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold
" Or civick wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
" Such is the pow'r of Ale with vines embower'd,
" While dangling bunches court his thirsty lip;
" Sullen he sits, and sighing oft' extols
" The bev'rage they quaff whose happy soil
" Prolifick Dovus laves, or Trentus' urn
" Adorns with waving crithe (joyous scenes
" Of vegetable gold!) Secure they dwell,
" Nor feel the eternal snows that clothe their cliffs,
" Nor curse the inclement air, whose horrid face
" Scowls like that Arctick heav'n that drizzling sheds
" Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
" Of Scandinavia and the Baltick main,
" Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
" Snug in their strawbuilt huts or darkling earth'd
" In cavern'd rock they live (small need of art

To form ſpruce architrave or cornice quaint
On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
Prepar'd)——There on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilſt black pots walk the round with laughing Ale
Surcharg'd, or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal ſcale,
Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown
With ſev'n revolving ſuns, the racy juice
Strong with delicious flavour ſtrikes the ſenſe:
Nor wants on vaſt circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large ſurloin
Of ox or virgin heifer, wont to browſe
The meads of Longovicum (fatt'ning ſoil
Replete with clover graſs and foodful ſhrub,)
Planted with ſprigs of roſemary it ſtands,
Meet paragon (as far as great with ſmall
May correſpond) for ſome Panchæan hill
Embrown'd with ſultry ſkies thin ſet with palms
And olive rarely interſpers'd, whoſe ſhade
Screens hoſpitably from the Tropick Crab
The quiver'd Arab's vagrant clan, that waits
Inſidious ſome rich caravan which fares
To Mecca with barbarick gold full fraught.
Thus Britain's hardy ſons, of ruſtick mould,
Patient of arms, ſtill quath th' aſpiring Gaul,
Bleſt by my boon; which when they ſlightly prize,
Should they with high defence of triple braſs
Wide-circling live immur'd, (as erſt was try'd
By Bacon's charms, on which the ſick'ning moon
Look'd wan, and cheerleſs mew'd her crefcent horns
Whilſt Demogorgon heard his ſtern beheſt)
Thrice the prevailing pow'r of Gallia's arms
Should they reſiſtleſs ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,

" Was wont when firſt his marſhall'd peerage paſs'd
" The ſubject Rhine. What tho' Britannia boaſts
" Herſelf a world, with ocean circumfus'd,
" 'Tis Ale that warms her ſons t' aſſert her claim,
" And with full volley makes her naval tubes
" Thunder diſaſtrous doom t' opponent pow'rs.
" Nor potent only to enkindle Mars
" And fire with knightly proweſs recreant ſouls;
" It ſcience can encourage, and excite
" The mind to ditties blithe and charming ſong.
" Thou Pallas! to my ſpeech juſt witneſs bear;
" How oft' haſt thou thy votaries beheld
" At crambo merry met, and hymning ſhrill
" With voice harmonick each, whilſt others friſk
" In mazy dance, or Ceſtrian gambols ſhew,
" Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
" Critheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl,
" (Equal to Neſtor's pond'rous cup, which aſk'd
" A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
" Ere he th' embattled Pylians led to quell
" The pride of Dardan youth in hoſting dire?)
" Or if with front unbleſt came tow'ring in
" Proctor armipotent, in ſtern deport
" Reſembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
" His ſcimetar with huge two-handed ſway,
" Alarm'd with threat'ning accent harſher far
" Than that ill-omen'd ſound the bird of night,
" With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
" Screams out the ſick man's trump of doleful doom,
" Thy jocund ſons confront the horrid van
" That crowds his gonfalon of ſev'n foot ſize,
" And with their ruby'd faces ſtand the foe,
" Whilſt they of ſober guiſe contrive retreat
" And run with ears erect; as the tall ſtag

Unharbour'd by the woodman quits his lair,
And flies the yearning pack which close pursue,
So they not bowsy dread th' approaching foe;
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches' stagnant gurge,
Soph rolls on soph promiscuous——Caps aloof
Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly,
The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
By Thracia's coadjutant and the roar
Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts."
She said: the fire of gods and men supreme
With aspect bland attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful: from his shaken locks
Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal giv'n
Of Ganymede the skinker soon was ken'd;
With Ale he heav'n's capacious goblet crown'd,
The Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
Till Bacchus murm'ring left th' assembled pow'rs.

THE

THE FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN

OF waſteful havock and deſtructive fate
I ſing the tragick ſcene, a mournful tale!
Yet call no ſlaught'ring hero to my aid
To ſtrew my bloodleſs verſe with mangled foes,
A torrent ſpilt but not of human gore,
Ruin deform'd but not of man erect.
O heav'n-born Muſe! (for Muſe I muſt invoke
Or miſtreſs fair, for faſhion or for need)
Deign to deſcribe the memorable Fall
Of Chloe's Jordan; ſo by mortals nam'd
The veſſel was, howe'er uncouth the ſound,
But veil'd by modeſt maids in gentler terms:
Like Rome the miſtreſs of the world it fell,
From its own greatneſs only not ſecure.
Say firſt what colours ſtain'd its vaulted ſides,
Leſt harmleſs bards miſtake th' important truth,
And ſpeak as fancy leads or rhyme directs;
And he that terms it white as ſilver ſwans
And ſpotleſs innocence, and new-fall'n ſnow
That ſpreads its plumes on Atlas' bleaky head,
Shall ſuffer blemiſh in the wrong compare.
Another hum'rous ſports and jeers its hue
Earthly and coarſe, of ſubſtance indigeſt.
How oft are men by devious errour led
To wander various, wide alike from truth!
A ſickly pale languiſh'd on the inner round,
Such as betrays the want of loveſick maids,

* This poem is printed as Mr. Philips's in the Poetical Calendar, vol. 4. p. 107.

to the rosy cheek and coral lip,
flies the lusty touch of warmer man,
beauty reassumes its native seat.
both were its sides, but from the bottom rose
manly head emboss'd, for hero meant
question fam'd for arms and antique stem.
honours the well-meaning vulgar pay
fame of gallant men, and waste their skill
high-hung signs and earth of homely hue.
at blushes did the virile image cost
harmless maid! fearful lest so employ'd
am'rous stone should soften into life,
rst Pygmalion's marble mistress chang'd
Parian substance, by less motive sway'd.
Without the cerulous dye bestrew'd the urn,
on the swelling surface Flora's pride,
lily and the gaudy tulip, smil'd,
with the briny nectar it contain'd.
handle held the vessel, arch'd and smooth,
for its weighty office far unfit:
e weakness lurk'd in comely form disguis'd,
ce the sad source and root of all our woe:
rudent man too often trusts his fate
ne smooth friend, who shrinks when nearly try'd.
unsuspecting fair-one never fail'd
morn and eve to dew its spacious womb;
morn her first, at eve her latest act.
often has it flow'd with maiden streams
d for rare virtues, and but seldom found?
as with this magick stream Diana spread
branchy horns on bold Acteon's brow;
well e'er since a secret pow'r retains
human foreheads antlers to convey.
s now the heavy period fix'd by Fate

Haſten'd apace, with evil miſchief fraught.
'Tis true, no comet ſtream'd terrifick blaze,
Nor thundercrack ſiniſtrous roar'd aloud:
Not but a crazy ſound gave certain proof
Of hidden crack foreboding wider wounds,
Yet 'ſcap'd ſuſpicion. Foreſight ever fails,
When unavoided ruin is decreed.
The feeble ſun array'd with lifeleſs flames
Inn'd at the bearded Goat, and drove his car
Extinguiſh'd heavy half the tour of heav'n,
And winter keen of breath blew ſhiv'ring cold
Around the globe, and bid the voluble ſtreams:
Some to the chimney's warm protection fly,
And fright the ſooty earth with ſooty tale
Of ſprite nocturnal or advent'rous knight;
Some bid defiance to th' inclement air,
Fir'd with the juicy flame of old Falern.
Amidſt a jovial crew fair Chloe quaff'd
With loud carouſe, till fated nature crav'd
Timely relax, diſtent with liquid pain.
Alone ſhe lifts the Jordan to her aid,
And ſtraight a hideous din 'gan roar aloud;
Wave daſh'd on wave, deluge on deluge roll'd,
And curl'd the circling eddy to the brim.
Whole cataracts at once diſcharg'd fell down
With violent guſh, and drove the deep caſcade,
Till weary of its load the lab'ring urn
Flew from its hold: a horrid burſt enſues,
And mangled limbs beſtrew the bruiſed floor:
Not louder roars the three-edg'd bolt of heav'n
When form'd by Vulcan or when thrown by Jove.
Forth from the hideous ſhreds a tepid ſea
Rolls angry foam, and ſmokes along the plain:
Part of the ſtream with ſlow and ſilent pace

nk unobserv'd, in narrow crannies loſt ;
art murmurs crowding at the portal wide
Which opes the mazy way that winding leads
o the ancient race of earth : protected mice,
he race exiguous, uninur'd to wet,
heir manſions quit, and other countries ſeek.
Thus fell the Jordan that had long withſtood,
rm and reſolv'd, the ſhock of mighty waves,
Which loſt their ſtrength and daſh'd her ſhores in vain,
ill at th' approach of one impetuous tide
ate took th' occaſion and confirm'd its doom.
So the fam'd Ediſtone near Plymouth Fort
Sure mark to wand'ring ſhips and loſt at night)
ontemn'd the billows tumbling round its ſides,
And mock'd their ſports, till on a fatal night
he wind blew loud, th' enraged ocean roar'd,
And plung'd the Pharos in the vaſt abyſs.

BACCHANALIAN SONG *.

I.

COME fill me a glaſs, fill it high;
A bumper a bumper I'll have:
He's a fool that will flinch; I'll not bate an inch,
Tho' I drink myſelf into my grave.

II.

Here's a health to all thoſe jolly ſouls
Who like me will never give o'er,
Whom no danger controls, but will take off their bow
And merrily ſtickle for more.

III.

Drown Reaſon, and all ſuch weak foes,
I ſcorn to obey her command;
Could ſhe ever ſuppoſe I'd be led by the noſe,
And let my glaſs idly ſtand?

IV.

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made uſe of by tools who'd ſet us new rules,
And bring us to politick thinking.

* This Song is printed in the fourth volume of S
chols's Collection, p. 281. and in a ſubjoined no
ſuppoſed to have been wrote by Mr Philips.

V

Fill them all, I'll have ſix in a hand,
For I have trifled an age away;
'Tis in vain to command; the fleeting ſand
Rolls on, and cannot ſtay.

VI.

Come my lads! move the glaſs; drink about;
We'll drink the univerſe dry;
We'll ſet foot to foot and drink it all out:
For once we grow ſober we die.

END OF PHILIPS'S POEMS.

A Poem to the Memory of

MR. JOHN PHILIPS,

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. MR. TREVOR,

By MR. EDMUND SMITH.

SIR,

SINCE our Iſis ſilently deplores
The bard who ſpread her fame to diſtant ſhores,
Since nobler pens their mournful lays ſuſpend,
My honeſt zeal if not my verſe commend;
Forgive the poet and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life reſtrain'd;
One table fed you and one bed contain'd:
For his dear ſake long reſtleſs nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving veſſels tore,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no ſummons from the noiſy gown
Call'd thee unwilling to the nauſeous Town,
Thy love had o'er the dull diſeaſe prevail'd;
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled Phyſick fail'd:
But ſince the will of Heav'n his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthleſs lines ſucceed;
Fruitleſs our hopes, tho' pious our eſſays,
Your's to preſerve a friend, and mine to praiſe.
Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verſe,
With ſtrains like thoſe he ſung on Glo'ſter's herſe!
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And wanting ſtrength to riſe deſcend to rhyme.
With other fire his glorious Blenheim ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines!

is nervous verſe great Boileau's ſtrength tranſcends,
nd France to Philips as to Churchill bends.
Oh various bard! you all our pow'rs control,
ou now diſturb and now divert the ſoul;
ilton and Butler in thy Muſe combine;
hove the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;
r as I've ſeen when rival wits contend,
e gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
is on quick turns and points in vain relies,
ut with a look demure and ſteady eyes
ith dry rebukes or ſneering praiſe replies;
thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
ach Butler's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle:
ſpeaks Scarron's low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
thee the ſolemn air of grave Cervantes reigns.
What ſounding lines, his abject themes expreſs!
hat ſhining words the pompous Shilling dreſs!
ere, there, my cell immortal made, outvies
e frailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
her beſt light the Comick Muſe appears
hen ſhe with borrow'd pride the buſkin wears.
So when Nurſe Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
ith ſhambling legs, long chin, and foolith eyes,
ith dangling hands he ſtrokes th' imperial robe,
d with a cuckold's air commands the globe,
e pomp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
nd Ammon's ſon more mirth than Gomez made.
Forgive, dear ſhade! the ſcene my folly draws,
y ſtrains divert the grief thy aſhes cauſe.
hen Orpheus ſings the ghoſts no more complain,
t in his lulling muſick loſe their pain.
charm the ſallies of thy Georgick Muſe,
calm our ſorrows, and our joys infuſe;
re rural notes a gentle mirth inſpire,
re lofty lines the kindling reader fire;

Like that fair tree you praise the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Bleft clime, which Vaga's fruitful ſtreams improve,
Etruria's envy and her Coſmo's love;
Redſtreak he quaffs beneath the Chian vine,
Gives Tuſcan yearly for thy Scud'more's wine,
And ev'n his Taſſo would exchange for thine.
Riſe, riſe, Roſcommon, ſee the Blenheim Muſe
The dull conſtraint of monkiſh rhyme refuſe!
See o'er the Alps his tow'ring pinions ſoar,
Where never Engliſh poet reach'd before!
See mighty Coſmo's counſellor and friend
By turns on Coſmo and the bard attend;
Rich in the coins and buſts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treaſure home;
In them he views her gods and domes deſign'd,
In him the ſoul of Rome and Virgil's mighty mind;
To him for eaſe retires from toils of ſtate,
Not half ſo proud to govern as tranſlate.
Our Spenſer, firſt by Piſan poets taught,
To us their tales, their ſtyle, and numbers, brought.
To follow ours now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow, tho' to Spenſer lend;
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impoſ'd the chain,
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their freedom gain.
Pyrrannick rhyme! that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime.
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy and the judgment guides:
I'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties,
Procruſtes like, the axe or wheel applies
To the mangled ſenſe or ſtretch it into ſize;

best a crutch that lifts the weak along,
pports the feeble but retards the ſtrong,
nd the chance thoughts when govern'd by the cloſe,
' riſe to fuſtian or deſcend to proſe.
ur judgment, Philips! rul'd with ſteady ſway,
n us'd no curbing rhyme the Muſe to ſtay,
ſtop her fury or direct her way;
ee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore
wanton freely or ſecurely ſoar.
the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackled dancer tries,
prone to fall as impotent to riſe;
hen freed he moves the ſturdy cable bends,
mounts with pleaſure and ſecure deſcends,
w dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
w high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.
Rail on, ye Trifiers! who to Will's repair
new lampoons, freſh cant, or modiſh air;
l on at Milton's ſon, who wiſely hold
ſets new phraſes and reſumes the old:
s Chaucer lives in younger Spenſer's ſtrains,
Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
ancient words the majeſty complete,
d make the poem venerably great:
when the queen in royal habit's dreſt,
myſtick emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
d in Eliza's robes all Anna ſtands confeſt.
haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
Dick's and Batſon's and thro' Smithfield prais'd,
s out aloud——"Bold Oxford Bard! forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear."
not like thee the heavy critick ſoars,
paints in fuſtian or in turn deplores;
h Bunyan's ſtyle profanes heroick ſongs,
he tenth page lean homilies prolongs,

For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems and contrives the worſt.
Beyond his praiſe or blame thy Works prevail,
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft' in rhyme his weakneſs hides.
You ne'er with gingling words deceive the ear,
And yet on humble ſubjects great appear.
Thrice happy youth! whom noble Iſis crowns,
Whom Blackmore cenſures and Godolphin owns.
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The liſt'ning nymphs and raviſh'd heroes hung,
But cits and fops the heav'n-born muſick blame,
And bawl, and hiſs, and damn her into fame;
Like her ſweet voice is thy harmonious ſong,
As high, as ſweet, as eaſy, and as ſtrong.
Oh! had relenting heav'n prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had ſung in nobler lays
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread,
How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions ſhow,
And yawning gulfs with flaming vengeance glow,
And ſaints rejoice above and ſinners howl below.
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.
Oh! beſt of friends! will ne'er the ſilent urn
To our juſt vows the hapleſs youth return?
Muſt he no more divert the tedious day,
Nor ſparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmleſs irony deſcend,
To noiſy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?

more in falſe pathetick phraſe complain
Delia's wit, her charms, and her diſdain?
ho now ſhall godlike Anna's fame diffuſe?
ſt ſhe when moſt ſhe merits want a Muſe?
ho now our Twyſden's glorious fate ſhall tell,
w lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
w while the troubled elements around,
rth, water, air, the ſtunning din reſound,
ro' ſtreams of ſmoke and adverſe fire he rides,
ile ev'ry ſhot is level'd at his ſides?
w while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
d the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
the firſt front amidſt a ſlaughter'd pile,
gh on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle?
Whom ſhall I find unbiaſs'd in diſpute,
ger to learn, unwilling to confute?
whom the labours of my ſoul diſcloſe,
eal my pleaſure or diſcharge my woes?
! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
beſt of ſons, of brothers, and of friends.
ſacred Friendſhip's ſtricteſt laws obey'd,
t more by conſcience than by friendſhip ſway'd;
inſt himſelf his gratitude maintain'd,
favours paſt not future proſpects gain'd;
t nicely chuſing, tho' by all deſir'd;
' learn'd not vain, and humble tho' admir'd;
did to all, but to himſelf ſevere;
humour pliant as in life auſtere:
wiſe content his even ſoul ſecur'd,
want not ſhaken nor by wealth allur'd;
all ſincere; tho' earneſt to commend,
ld praiſe a rival or condemn a friend.
him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
ir tongues, their ſpirit, and their ſtyles, his own.

Pleas'd the leaſt ſteps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and ſouls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the ſame eſteem,
The one his pattern and the one his theme.
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage and Euclid's reaſon join'd.
Judicious phyſick's noble art to gain,
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas! in vain;
The drugs and plants their drooping maſter fail'd,
Nor goodneſs now nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's ſoul they gave,
And made him ſcorn the life they could not ſave.
Elſe could he bear unmov'd the fatal gueſt,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreſt,
The coughs that ſtruggled from his weary breaſt?
Could he unmov'd approaching death ſuſtain,
Its ſlow advances and its racking pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping friends ſurvey,
In his laſt hours his eaſy wit diſplay,
Like the rich fruit he ſings delicious in decay?
Once on thy friends look down, lamented Shade
And view the honours to thy aſhes paid:
Some thy lov'd duſt in Parian ſtones enſhrine,
Others immortal epitaphs deſign
With wit and ſtrength that only yield to thine.
Ev'n I, tho' ſlow to touch the painful ſtring,
Awake from ſlumber and attempt to ſing.
Thee Philips! thee deſpairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Iſis ſoft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidſt the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms;
Thee on the Po kind Somerſet deplores,
And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores,

to thy loſs each mournful air applies,
ńful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
moſt at Virgil's tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe.
ut you his darling friends lament no more,
lay his fame and not his fate deplore,
l let no tears from erring Pity flow
one that's bleſt above, immortaliz'd below.

In the midſt of an Apple-Tree over

Mr. PHILIPS's CIDER.

he who firſt the Apple ſung, "the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whoſe mortal taſte
rought death into the world and all our woe,"
ding laurels won, a branch awaits,
lips, thy youthful brow, who Apples ſung
ocuous, and with freedom bad us quaff
ir gen'rous nectar 'neath their parent ſhade
ent'rous, nor in leſs inferiour ſtrains.
e Milton too you taught Britannia's ſong
ſhake the ſhackles off of tinkling rhyme
aſculate, unnervous, female verſe.
e modeſty (ſtill modeſty attends
worth like thine) forbids thee to accept
e parted wreath, let Milton's be the firſt
rivall'd, be the ſecond honours thine.
l now (for Leo from his flaming mane
kes ſultry rays intenſe, provoking thirſt)
Philips! while my well-glaz'd tube exhales
otian fragrance, and my rummer ſhines
th Cider ſparkling high, partake my ſhade,
s'd with Pomona's haunts and cool receſs
purple-breathing births ſweet ſmiling round.

FINIS.

CONTENTS.

The Splendid Shilling,
Blenheim,
Cider, Book I.
—— Book II.
Latin Ode to St. John,
Tranſlation of ditto,
Cerealia,
The Fall of Chloe's Jordan,
Bacchanalian ſong,
Poem to the Memory of Mr. John Philips,
In the midſt of an Apple-Tree over Mr. Philips'
Cider,

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